

## The World

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## EXPERT TESTIMONY.

RUSSELL THAYER, Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, ought to be held competent to predict the result of using Central Park for a World's Fair site. He speaks from experience no other can boast, and points his opinion with fact which no advocate of Park seizure can controvert. In Fairmount Park, he says, "the grounds, after the removal of the Centennial Exhibition buildings, were a perfect desert of clay and gravel, on which not a blade of grass could be made to grow for years." In conclusion he adds:

I am obliged to state as my candid opinion that if the Exhibition is held in a highly cultivated park like Central Park the damage thereto will be almost incalculable, and will so seriously damage the people's great pleasure ground that even if with the expenditure of large sums of money in restoration it would require many years to bring it to the highly cultivated and beautiful condition which it is in at present.

The man who, with this picture in mind, can look upon the beauties of Central Park and still determine to demolish them for the sake of putting up Fair buildings there, when no need exists for it, has something of the vandal in his heart, which no amount of reasoning will remove.

It is more than likely the Park will be taken. And worst of all, the people who take it will do so with their eyes wide open.

## A CONSISTENT ORANGE.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRININ uttered the great lesson of his life, and its only one, when he was arraigned before a Justice in Boston yesterday. "I am a lunatic," he said, "and as I have won that title by diligent application to business, I am rather proud of it."

Many a young man can do worse than to heed this teaching of Psycho. He selected, with admirable and accurate judgment, the field of labor he was best fitted for. Then he set to work in it, with all his might. He brought brains to the work, and revamped them to suit the business. He discarded what ever was not of use in the doing of his task. There has been no moment in Mr. Trinin's life when he has not endeavored to be as consistently crazy as his respect for the dignity of lunacy would let him.

He has probably done harm to fewer of his fellow-creatures than any sane man of his age and weight, and if there is a sage, glorying in utter sanity, but grunting with dyspepsia, who has had half as much fun and fame out of life as has GEORGE FRANCIS TRININ, we would like to see him.

Where lunacy is bliss, maybe 'tis folly to be sane.

## DON'T BELIEVE IT.

From New Jersey, which every one knows will produce nothing but good Democrats and equally meritorious applejack, came last week a cry of "Gold!" Now the same feverish shout goes up from Pennsylvania, which common belief has surrendered to the furnishing of black coal and blacker Republicanism.

There is no limit to the discovering power of an English mining expert when he really hunkers to discover. The Professor who made those finds has hurried home to form companies, and English folk with small capital to invest will be seeing American Eldorado in their sleep within a week.

Go slowly, you who would be rich in haste. Be sure, all the spare gold there is in Republican Pennsylvania will be sent into Indiana, "care of New and Dudley," in 1892. And as for Jersey gold, every Jersey man knows its name is "mud."

## STOP IT.

There's a divinity of some sort that seems to hedge a politician in this town. It was three days before Alderman BARBER was arrested for pounding JAMES HERNAN. And the police, in all probability, wouldn't have laid hands upon him then had it not been for the fact that the victim of his brutality was at death's door.

We want less of this eye-gouging and kicking and clubbing on the part of men who fancy a political pull gives them power of life and death over any and every man in their district who doesn't enjoy the same possession. And we'll have it, too.

The FLACKS and the BARBERS are chips of the same block, parts of the same system.

The 32 clerks in the Johnstown "relief" service are striking for \$3 a day. Gov. HAYES is running that affair on an economical basis. As Johnstown rises from the wreck the wonder grows that the subtle Governor is going to do with all that money when the stricken people have outlived all need of it.

How closely Boston hangs to our Giants' heels in the pennant struggle! Let us hope and pray that MURPHY's men be not like ACHILLES of old, whose heel was his only weak spot.

The Republican gathering at Saratoga has this complexion just about now:

Sing a song of harmony,  
A party full of PLATT.

A Negro lynched in Mississippi.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
WISCONSIN, Sept. 25.—Sol Purcell, a Negro, accused of felonious assault, was taken from the jail here early this morning by an angry mob of 200 men and hauled to a railway train. He had confessed the crime.

## CHIPS.

Care for Insomnia—Get appointed to the World's Fair Finances Committee.

Morocco will give up that Spanish prisoner and the hitherto amiable relations between the two countries has been restored. Spain's infant King drinks the Sultan's health in the rosy pargorie.

Another pugilist has been killed in a prize fight in Atlanta. Let the good work go on.

Convicts in the Salem (Or.) Penitentiary have taken to chopping off their fingers in order to avoid working. Most persons would rather work.

The oculist who said "dear the approach of cool weather," *Mississippi Journal*.

Chicago comes to the front again; this time with a man who tiring of his wife sold her to a friend for \$10. Great, indeed, is the Windy City.

A gentleman in a Fulton street restaurant yesterday swallowed his false teeth and gave the hospital doctors lots of trouble getting them out. Had he been thoughtful he would have secured the accident by securing them with a wax chain like his eyeglasses.

She had finished at a cooking-school.  
"Doesn't she lead your thought to rise  
As it does the college bread?"

She answered coldly: "Sir, not so;  
I believe me to be a  
A gold atmosphere for you  
From currents in the air."

—Life.

Another unsuccessful attempt has been made to blow up the U.S. It wasn't a bomb this time but a whole chestful of dynamite. The playful ways of the Nihilist are becoming more and more interesting.

A very beautiful girl is under arrest in Parkersburg, W. Va., for horse stealing. She says she did it just for the excitement of the chase.

"Has your young friend experienced the advantages of travel?"  
"Should say he had." He tells me he has seen baseball playing in every League and Association city in the country.—*Boston Herald*.

A Springfield, O., mother of sixteen children has just looked with a joyful face. The deserted husband will look after the family.

## POLITICAL ECHOES.

Ex-Alderman Henry Von Minden and George Elbert, who presided over the Custom House restaurant under the Democratic Administration, have renovated and refitted the Pattullo House, at 125 Grand street, near Broadway, and will open their gorgeous wine and lunch room on Thursday next.

Not a Republican Alderman absented himself from the meeting of the Board yesterday to attend the Social Convention of the party at Saratoga. The Democratic members will be more active at Syracuse next week, and need things for their little excursion by adjourning the meeting of the Board over two weeks.

The local-playing Tammanyites of the Fourth Assembly District declare that Congressman John Henry McCarthy is a howling success as an umpire. He is so small that he makes a poor mark for clubs, balls, mace, water-polo and man-of-war.

Alderman Giesz is one of the O'Brien contesting delegates to the Republican State Convention at Saratoga today. He didn't go, however, and explained his failure to attend by saying: "I don't log of any party to admit me to its councils. My boss is there, though, and if he gets in it's all right."

It looks now much as though Assemblyman E. P. Hagarty were not to have a walkover for the Tammany nomination for Senator in the Ninth District. The brewers are demanding that Senator Stadler be returned, and their demand, backed by money and influence, there is a distinction between the terms in which the brewers consider Mr. Hagarty and Mr. Stadler.

## ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

H. W. Slocum, the tennis expert, graduated at Yale in Sept. 1890. He recently married a Staten Island girl and has settled down to the staid ways of married folk.

Howard A. Taylor, who has come near winning the championship a number of times, is only a trifle over five feet high. He has played tennis during nearly two years and has lost to the Harvard student, Walter Dammoch, having graduated in 1886. He is studying for the bar.

Capt. Cumcock of the Harvard football team, has played as end runner ever since he has been in college. He is now a Junior. He is a very lively member of his class.

James Powers is an athlete who never was eloquent over his performances or "talks back" at the referee. On the other hand, comparatively few people can reason with him. Mr. Powers is a deaf mute. There is nothing dumb, however, about his legs in the long distance.

John W. Beattie, of the Neptune Club, is one of Brooklyn's Board of Aldermen. When not busy shelling the welfare of citizens of the City of Churches he devotes his energies to furthering the interests of his boat club.

## FASHION'S FOIBLES.

The perfectly equipped Victoria wagonette and phaeton is supplied with small wheel, which, as the lady enters the vehicle, is thrown over the wheel to protect her skirts from the muddy rain. Downy, plush, leopard and feather cloth are the materials used.

Society for the moment is drinking peppermint as a snail to her course donors. The pale green draught is poured into a small wine glass filled with crushed ice.

No woman is considered graceful who cannot carry her hands empty at ease, as the Delaunays say. Even the small bead purse must be discarded on the promenade.

Rattan furniture may be had in bronze, copper and iron finish.

Onion with stuffed olives and buttered maroons is a dish for the moment.

Bag baskets in red and orange are coveted among the novelties of the willow trade. They are shell-shaped. The graceful top is woven in an open pattern to show the color of the lining, and there are buttons in the floor to secure the cushion. Without using the baskets range from \$2 to \$4, and the work of upholstering may add \$7 or \$20 to the cost of canvas coverings.

## OFF THE STAGE.

Little Bijou Fernandez is very fond of going to the theatre. She thinks the most delightful performance "lovely." When amusing herself with other children she invariably "plays theatre." Bijou is absolutely unspelled by her theatrical experiences.

Little Elsie Louis, when taken to the playhouse by her mother, Mrs. Lyde, is dressed like a dishwater doll and placed in the most conspicuous seat of a box where she can see everybody and where everybody can see her.

Frank Carlyle, whose real name is McNab, and who became an actor after Hartford experienced a hotel clerk, is a very untheatrical looking young man. Mr. Carlyle affects a melancholy exterior. He is rarely seen to smile.

Miss Marie Jansen's arch, piquant smile on the stage is by no means an affectation. She possesses the same luxury off the stage and uses it very effectively in conversation. Miss Jansen dresses very quietly and in perfect taste.

## WORLDLINGS.

Miss Wagner, the brave young Nebraska school teacher who saved the lives of her pupils during the blizzard by trying them together, is lying on her death bed, near Oklahoma City. She opened a school in the new Territory soon after the "beast" invaded it, but was prostrated with malaria, until now she is sustained by her recovery.

A big orchard that will contain 40,000 trees and 200 acres of ground is to be set out in Pomona Valley, California.

The greatest depth of the ocean is some miles away from the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, where bottom is reached at a depth of 40,236 feet, or seven and three-quarter miles.

## BISMARCK IS ILL.

Unable to Assist in To-Day's Preparations for the Czar's Reception.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)  
BERLIN, Sept. 25.—Prince Bismarck is ill and unable to come to Berlin to-day to take part in the preparations for the visit of the Czar.

If you want a good dinner (\$1.00) go to PLATON'S only restaurant, 28 East 23d st.

## THE CITY OF NEW YORK WINS

SHE LEADS THE TUNTONIC, CITY OF ROME

AND SALES OVER THREE HOURS.

The City of New York has just made the eastward trip in very fast time. Four ocean greyhounds sailed from Sandy Hook a week ago today on an ocean race. They were the new City of New York, of the Inman line; the new City of Rome, of the White Star line; the City of Anchorage, of the Anchor line, and the City of the North German Lloyd line.

The City of New York got across first. She arrived at Queenstown at about 6 o'clock last night. The City of Rome arrived about midnight, about three hours behind her.

The City of New York had lowered her record for the passage eastward. She had crossed in 6 days, 5 hours and 55 minutes. Her swiftest westward passage is 6 days, 4 hours, 17 minutes.

The number of miles sailed each day is as follows: Wednesday, 384; Thursday, 435; Friday, 418; Saturday, 431; Sunday, 432; Monday, 420; Tuesday, 413.

The City of Paris arrived at Sandy Hook at 9 o'clock this morning. She had crossed in 5 days, 23 hours and 30 minutes, making one of the fastest trips on record. Her fastest westward voyage consumed 5 days, 19 hours and 18 minutes.

The City of Paris brought among her passengers a number of foreign delegates to the International American Congress, which meets at Washington on Wednesday.

Surveyor Lyons and the Consul to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic went down in a revenue cutter to meet them.

Ex-Register John R. Taylor, the Tammany leader of the Fourteenth and candidate for Congress to succeed Sunset Cox, arrived on the City of Paris.

## HER NAME STILL UNKNOWN.

NO CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF MOUNT VERNON'S DEAD STRANGER.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Sept. 25.—The identity of the woman who starved herself to death in the damp cellar of the Church of the Sacred Heart is as great a mystery as ever to-day.

A large number of people from all directions have flocked to the undertaker's rooms of R. & Davis, and gazed upon the wasted remains of what was once a pretty woman, and no one has ventured to name the girl.

A description sent from Northampton, Mass., of a young woman lost from that place, tallies in many ways with that of the dozing housewife.

It is now generally believed that she was a devoted girl, full of religious frenzy, and that she had died from some disease.

If the body is unclaimed to-morrow it will be interred with full Catholic rites to-morrow afternoon.

## THE BLAINE WEDDINGS.

Emmons to Wed To-Morrow and Miss Mearns in the Spring.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
RICHMOND, N. Y., Sept. 25.—Marital matters seem to be engaging most of the attention of the Blaine family just at present.

At the same time society circles are also wonderfully interested in the coming festivities and attention is about equally divided between the marriages of the son, Emmons, and daughter, Mearns.

To-morrow noon, in the Brick Presbyterian Church, here, Emmons Blaine and Miss Anita McCormick will be united in matrimony. Rev. N. V. Holmes, the pastor, assisted by Rev. Dr. Herriek Johnson, of Chicago, will officiate. The bride will be escorted by her father, Mr. Emmons Blaine. There will be few guests, but no brideless maid. The number of guests will not exceed 100.

A wedding breakfast will be served at Clayton Lodge, the McCormick cottage, and Secretary Blaine will give the wedding party a supper at the Lodge in the evening. The bride and groom will go to New York after the wedding.

The wedding party of the Blaine house today. It includes Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, the Misses Blaine, Walter and James G. Blaine, Jr.; Col. Conant, U. S. A.; Mr. Conant, Chicago; Mrs. G. W. Ryerson, John A. Ryerson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Ely, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dammoch, New York, and others.

Notwithstanding the excitement over to-morrow's nuptials, many persons are here and attending to the coming marriage of Miss Margaret Blaine to Mr. Walter T. Dammoch, of New York. His bride was born in New York, April 3, 1860, and his father was born Jan. 3, 1800, in New York, and is a blacksmith by occupation. Dr. McLaughlin, in Jersey City, can vouch for same.

## STOLEN RHYMES.

A Timely Wall.  
The ancient soldier grows apace,  
The winds begin to blow,  
So, when you come to this place,  
Please, mister, shut the door.

It's most too warm for fires as yet,  
They'd open every pore,  
But that has come, mankind to fret,  
So, mister, shut the door.

Don't let it swing when you sneeze,  
And Christen you a bore,  
Unless you want to see us freeze,  
Why, hang it, shut the door!

Don't make us shiver till we're blue,  
And hunker for your ore,  
Look here, we've come to you on this subject,  
The next thing you know we'll be over there wiping the floor.

Unless you shut that door.  
—Washington Capital.

The Incontinent.  
A pretty girl,  
A summer maid,  
A moon,  
Impudent fellow,  
A gentle word,  
Alfred, Bishop, Mrs. Conant,  
A kiss,  
And all is well, oh!

Again the night,  
Another night,  
Another night,  
Thus far so well, oh!  
But if we look  
Another look,  
We'll see,  
Another look.

—F. Howard, in Life.

Such Is Life.  
All lonely is the ocean's shore  
Where lovers used to stray,  
The old man's yachting gear is more,  
The hand has ceased to play.

Today the sandy beach is bare  
Where strolled the young and belle,  
They're speaking now some otherwhere—  
Closed is the beach hotel.

And gone, too, are the bathers fair,  
The mother and the maid,  
Who gambolled on the sands, and there  
Their slippers loosely displayed.

The summer girl—where is she who  
Wore such pretty clothes  
And used to walk beside the sea  
Admired by all the boys?

The maiden of the sunny bower,  
The girl who came down,  
She's gone again, where nightly now  
She banges the upright clapper.

The hoodlums have departed, too,  
Who to the beach came down,  
They're no more the wild brood—  
They're fighting now in town.

But such is life. The seasons bring  
The change that is required,  
We'd better not get too fond of things  
We'd better not get too fond of things.

—Boston Courier.

The True Elixir of Life  
Hoods Sarsaparilla

It Purifies the Blood, invigorates and regulates the liver and kidneys, builds up the nervous system, creates an appetite, tones the digestive organs, and makes the weak strong. It may well be called the "True Elixir of Life." Try it.

JOHN JOSEPH KING.

Included please find a picture of my darling boy for the Evening World beauty prize. His name is John Joseph King, born Dec. 30, 1887. He is very handy with his fists. If you can find him the first thing you know he will let you have it in the eye. The

## PUGILISTIC INFANCY.

An "Evening World" Youngster Who Strikes a Professional Blow.

Little David Harris the Youngest Competitor Up to Date.

Chunky Charlie Magrath and Other Rivals for the Beauty Prize.

The bright-eyed little tot that leads off THE EVENING WORLD'S display of prize beauties to-day is little Minnie Allen, of 713 Fulton street, Brooklyn. She is sixteen months old and the joy and pet of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Allen. Her mother writes proudly:

My baby is a one-year-old boy, born Sept. 11, 1888. My husband, Herman Rosenblatt, is thirty-two years old, a German, and my name was Dora Sommer. I am also German and twenty-eight years old. Respectfully,  
DORA ROSENBLATT,  
224 East Seventy-third street, city.

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